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Feds Get Rough With Mumia Activists

On April 27, Judge Arnold C. Rapoport of US District Court, Eastern District of Pennsylvania found Mitchell Cohen of Brooklyn guilty of "failing to obey a lawful order" to disperse. This charge stemmed from his arrest, along with 96 others, at a non-violent civil disobedience demonstration (with plenty of non-arrested observer-participants) on behalf of a new trial for Mumia Abu-Jamal and Leonard Peltier last July 3rd, at the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia.

This was a mere violation or a low-level misdemeanor. Most of the arrestees copped pleas to the same charge and were sentenced to pay a $250 fine, and $25 to a victims' restitution fund. That was it.

But Cohen and a number of others went to trial asserting their innocence of the charges against them. Cohen submitted a motion for a jury trial, but the judge said that since the prosecutor wasn't asking for jail time, he was not entitled to one. Cohen told the court "I had no idea what the prosecutor is asking for" and that there was absolutely no contact between the US Attorney (prosecutor) and himself at any time. He didn't even know the charges until he got to court, and never even pleaded.

After a 2-day trial, in which Cohen served as his own attorney (with some legal assistance), he and one other person were found guilty, just as had a number of others the week before. He was sentenced — same as the others — to a $250 fine, plus the $25, plus one year probation (reviewable in either 30 days or 60 days depending on which agency you ask). Among the requirements of probation (which he signed, under duress of being thrown into jail), was a whole host of things, including regular urine tests, no consorting with "other" felons, and confinement to the Judicial District, in this case the Southern District of NY, which is Queens, Brooklyn & Staten Island. The rest of the City and Long Island were thrown in as a "special privilege". Cohen was not allowed to travel out of that area for any reason.

All of this, and more, not for a felony, not even a serious misdemeanor, but for the legal equivalent of "jay-walking." These sort of cases are usually thrown out of court, with at worst a $25 fine.

After his conviction Cohen wrote a polite letter to the judge requesting that he be allowed to travel to New Paltz, NY—just 1-1/2 hours away—where he was supposed to be a featured speaker at a program concerning genetic engineering, and was to receive a stipend for his talk. Cohen also asked that the judge allow him to attend a long-planned environmental conference in Brussels next week, where he was also to be remunerated. (Judges and probation officers are generally supposed to make exceptions for legal activities done in order to make one's living.) Cohen explained that he was on the editorial board of several newspapers and magazines (Green Times, Green Politics, Synthesis/Regeneration, Red Balloon Magazine), a journalist and speaker and that preventing him from traveling to conferences was depriving him of his living.

The judge was evidently provoked by this very nicely written letter, to which Cohen had attached the Brussels invitation. He spoke with the probation office and asked them to lift Cohen's passport. And he notified US Customs to add Cohen to their computerized registry of criminals

(**Mumia** continued on page 6)

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Our Little Secrets

Death of Little Crizel

As long-time readers know, CounterPunch has long looked askance at the fundraising and promotional practices of Morris Dees, the civil rights grifter who heads the Southern Poverty Law Center. But even Dees might have drawn the line at a stunt recently pulled by Greenpeace, involving the use of the death of a young girl for promotional purposes.

The story arose in late February when Crizel Jane Valencia, a six-year-old Filipino girl, died of leukemia while visiting the Rainbow Warrior. Crizel—swiftly dubbed the "child toxic warrior" by Greenpeace activists—lived at Clark Air Force Base, where her family was resettled when its village was destroyed by a volcanic eruption in 1991. Greenpeace says Crizel's illness was caused by toxic waste left by the US Air Force, which occupied Clark until nine years ago.

Rick Hind of Greenpeace in Washington tells us that his organization felt that Crizel's passing was so tragic that it didn't seem right to call much attention to the fact. "It was sacrosanct so we really played it down," he said. "We didn't want to be tasteless about it."

Yet even before little Crizel was buried, Greenpeace turned a picture she drew aboard the Rainbow Warrior into a poster to promote the Philippines leg of its "Toxic Free Asia Tour." The drawing—surprisingly sophisticated for a six-year-old, particularly a dying one—shows a smiling sun shining brightly above a Greenpeace boat and a group of happy children holding balloons.

Greenpeace also posted a tribute to Crizel on its website. It called her a "very brave" girl and "keen supporter of Greenpeace", who died while "living out her wish to visit the Rainbow Warrior". A personal account of Crizel's last hours, written by Ship's Nurse Butch Turk, read like a made-for-TV tearjerker. After speculating that Crizel might have grown up to be an artist if not for her untimely demise, Turk reported that Crizel "became very agitated" when it was suggested that she skip a tour of the Rainbow Warrior in order to receive medical care.

The story continued: "Although she remained quiet throughout the boat ride, Crizel said she was enjoying herself when asked. She vomited a small amount once. When it was Crizel's turn to drive she sat up straight, grasped the wheel with both hands, and even did a pretty decent job with a nice light touch to her steering. I don't know if the skipped transfusion, exertion of the drive to the ship, and excitement of being aboard used up the last of her scanty reserves and hastened her death by a few days. Alternatively, it's possible that she would have departed sooner if she didn't have the Rainbow Warrior to look forward to. I choose to believe the latter."

Hind said that Greenpeace didn't take Crizel's tale to the media, but at least one story did appear in the Filipino press and it seems likely that Greenpeace played a role in spinning the account. The article, which appeared in the Philippine Daily Inquirer, reported on the March 1 funeral for the "child toxic warrior". It said that the girl's parents were "wailing in grief" and "consoled by about 10 women whose children did not see the light of day because of spontaneous abortions or stillbirths."

Greg Rushford of The Rushford Report, who first brought this story to our attention, says that Greenpeace not only milked Crizel's death for all it was worth, but also created a toxic legacy of its own in seeking to call attention to the problem of toxic waste at Clark. Two days after Crizel's funeral, Greenpeace protestors turned up at the US embassy in Manila with a container holding parts from a high voltage transformer from the Air Base. They dumped the container, which was leaking cancer-causing PCBs, in front of the embassy gate, thereby creating a major toxic waste site in a heavily trafficked district of Manila. Philippine police officers hauled the PCB-laced container away and dumped it in an abandoned lot near a shantytown where, at last report, it still sits.

Wolfe's Yap

Someone made the odd, maybe malicious, certainly rash decision to put Tom Wolfe on the right hand side of the cover of Harper's 150th anniversary issue, facing Mark Twain, a leonine, earthy, dignified old devil, sitting in alert repose, apparently listening. A man to whose energetic image the white suit is incidental. Over on the right hand side, Wolfe's white suit is dominant, looking just a shade too big for its shriveled occupant, who gazes nowhere in particular with a smirk of wooden self-satisfaction, looking like some second-rank official from the British foreign office, retired to Bermuda, out of the closet at last.

The bizarre juxtaposition of Wolfe with Twain consummates thirty years' inflation of the former's modest talents. To read his breathless prose, shrill with yaps and self-importance, is like having a small dog attack one's leg. Wolfe's anniversary essay is called "In the Land of the Rococo Marxists: Why no one is celebrating the Second American Century." As January 1, 2000 arrived, Wolfe asks, "did a single solitary savant note that the First American Century had just come to an end and the Second American Century had begun?" To which of course the answer is that Americans saw the millennial chronology as mostly hype, hooked loosely to the Christian calendar, and excitingly dressed up in the vestments of a modern Apocalypse or Second Coming, the Y2K circus.

Wolfe's habitual technique is to say something and then repeat it at accelerating degrees of shrill enthusiasm for his own insight. In this case, paragraph one

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announces popular indifference at the millennial turnover to America's imperial triumphs. Paragraph two belabors the same thought again: "Did a single historian mention that America now dominates the world to an extent that would have made Alexander the Great get down on all fours..." More of the same in paragraph three. "Was a single bard bestirred to write a mighty anthem..." Kick the little dog off and he's back in paragraph four, "Did anybody high or low look for a Frederic-Auguste Bartholdi to create a new tribute on the order of the Statue of Liberty..." Paragraph five: "Did any of the America-at-century's-end network tv specials..."

Finally off goes doggie, only to return in paragraph six with a fresh bone. Wolfe says he contacted the University of Michigan's "fabled public-opinion survey resources". From four U of M studies Wolfe extracts the tidings that 73 per cent of Americans "don't want the United States to intervene abroad unless in cooperation with other nations" and have "no strong feelings about their country's supremacy one way or the other".

What Wolfe doesn't grasp is that his fellow Americans have better manners than he. Does a man boast about making his second billion? So Wolfe's premise is balderdash. Americans know they have an empire. It's simply bad form to exult along the lines proposed by Wolfe. Indeed, until quite recently in the academies it was poor judgement for an academic on tenure track in the political science department to use the word "empire" at all. We were the leader of a democratic association called the "free world". That was, still is, the tactful way of putting it.

But Wolfe doesn't blame the ordinary folk for failing to cheer America's second century. Wolfe, don't forget, pretends to speak for the ordinary folk against the intellectuals. In his latest retread of a stunt he's been pulling since he unveiled "radical chic" all those years ago, he calls them "the rococo Marxists". In Wolfe's inflamed imagination these RMs have somehow stealthily persuaded the American people that it's wrong to be vainglorious about empire.

Wolfe is flogging a horse so dead there's neither hide nor flesh left on the bones. Didn't Harper's research department nudge Wolfe's elbow, direct his attention to the tempest over political correctness at the start of the Nineties when the PC crowd, aka the Rococo Marxists, were sapping the nation's virility with exhibitions like the Smithsonian's "West as America", where the heroic 19th century paintings were tricked out with beastly, knowing captions compromising America's historical virtue? Didn't they offer him a copy of D'Souza's rantings, hint tactfully that it's a little late in the day to discover the pernicious influence of fancy French intellectuals like Michel Foucault or Jacques Derrida or to make jokes about PC profs getting their students to spell "women" as "womyn"? Didn't they... But we must stay our hand. Wolfe's prose is catching.

Wolfe knows very little about anything interesting. What he mostly knows is how to be knowing. The undergrowth of his prose rustles with absurdities. Here's a passage, where Wolfe is grandly announcing that the operative definition of the intellectual is someone who has quit seemly specialization for larger fields: "The prime example was Noam Chomsky, a brilliant linguist...But Chomsky was not known as an intellectual until he denounced the war in Vietnam, something he knew next to nothing about—thereby qualifying for his new eminence."

In other words, assessment of the merits of killing off a couple of million Vietnamese was a specialized discipline, the purview of Samuel P. Huntington, Walt Rostow and other house intellectuals of Empire. Chomsky, who made Vietnam the object of close study for more than a decade and a half was somehow disqualified because he wasn't a political scientist under contract to RAND or one of the war-strategizing university think-tanks or the Pentagon.

Back one more time into the rustling thicket of nonsense: "...structuralism, post-structuralism, postmodernism, deconstruction, reader-response theory, commodification theory...This will not be Vulgar Marxism; it will be...Rococo Marxism, elegant as a Fragonard, sly as a Watteau..." *Elegant as a Fragonard!* What can Wolfe be talking about? Late Marxism and post-Marxism in all their myriad hues may have some redeeming qualities, but the elegance of Fragonard is certainly not among them. Wolfe doesn't know anything about Marxism. His ignorance is so profound he doesn't even know how to be knowing about it.

It's all so...dated. Here he is making labored fun of Susan Sontag ("her prose style...had a handicapped parking sticker valid at Partisan Review") about twenty years too late. Here are little pillows of prose hurled at Stanley Fish or Judith Butler. Dated again.

Poor Wolfe, someone should tell him the news. Those good soldiers in Seattle or in Washington raising their ruckus against Empire didn't have Fish or Butler or even Foucault in their backpacks. They're on different terrain altogether. Wolfe always was a follower of fashion, and there's nothing so silly as a fashion-plate appearing in the intellectual and prose equivalent of periwig and ruffles, like some figure of the *ancien regime* when the rest of the world has moved on.

To read Tom Wolfe's prose, shrill with self-importance, is like having a small dog attack one's leg.

Send Us the Residuals

On the evening of May 25 our phonelines overloaded with a flood of calls from excited CounterPunch readers reporting that our newsletter had played a pivotal role in the season finale of Law and Order, NBC's prime-time chronicle of life in Giuliani's New York. This episode of the cop-and-prosecutor show depicted an attempt by the Manhattan DA's office to prosecute the head of Chile's secret police during the Pinochet coup and its aftermath for murdering a young American citizen in Santiago. The story was a crisp and finely told fictionalization of the Horman case, including a few jabs at Clinton's state department for trying to scuttle the prosecution. The show begins with the police investigating the slaying of a man who believed that "the CIA had had his son killed in Chile." While reviewing the mail in his post-office box, the cops flip through a few of the magazines he subscribed to. "Foreign Policy Review, Covert Action Quarterly," the cop says. "CounterPunch newsletter, ah, finally, something I can relate to...the phone bill."

Coming Soon!

CounterPunch's history of the Roman Empire, Part II. CP

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Zig-Zag Path of Gore Aide

Katie McGinty's New Gig

Earlier this spring a troop of second-tier DC lobbyists and Democratic Party bureaucrats gathered a few blocks down Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House at the law offices of Holland and Knight. They were part of a team assigned to the desperate mission of finding some way to revive Al Gore's etiolated campaign. This particular session plotted the creation of an ad hoc group to flack for the Veep on green matters. They agreed to call themselves Environmentalists for Gore.

Oddly, there were no full-time environmentalists in the room. Odder still was the location of the meeting. Holland and Knight is not regarded as one of the do-gooder lobby shops on the Hill. Instead, its roster of clients include such major air polluters as Northern States Power, Teco Energy and Tampa Electric, prime Everglades destroyer South Florida Water Management District, various trade associations for companies that generate hazardous waste (Asphalt Emulsion Manufacturers' Association, National Paint and Coatings Association), Clorox, Consortium for Biotech Research, Superfund Action Alliance (a group of waste producers seeking to undermine Superfund) and what is widely regarded as the most fanatically anti-environmental outfit in Washington, the Chemical Manufacturers Association.

If the site of this session might raise eyebrows, one of the prime organizers of the event certainly wouldn't. Her name is Kathleen Alana McGinty, Gore's longtime aide, who has returned from a two-year stint in India just in time to help massage one of Gore's most affronted constituencies.

There are few people closer to Gore than McGinty, one of only two staffers permitted to call the Veep "Al." The other is Gore's superhawk national security advisor, Leon Fuerth, who many predict will be Gore's choice as CIA director if he is elected president.

McGinty grew up in Philadelphia, the daughter of an Irish-American cop in Frank Rizzo's police force. She got a degree in chemistry at St. Joseph's University and soon went to work for ARCO, the oil/chemical giant. A few years later McGinty pursued a law degree from Columbia in the science, law and technology program. Before joining Gore's Senate staff, McGinty did a stint in DC as a lobbyist for the American Chemical Society, where she fine-tuned the kind of techno-speak that Gore finds irresistable in a staffer. Answering a reporter's question about her favorite hobbies, McGinty once said: "Hiking and reading books on civic realization." It was a response only Gore could find endearing. McGinty became Gore's top environmental aide in 1990, helped him research Earth in the Balance and accompanied him to the Earth Summit in the romantic environs of Rio de Janeiro in 1992.

In 1993, McGinty, then only 29, was tapped to head the White House Office of Environmental Policy, a newly created panel that Gore promoted to give him more of a presence inside the White House. The move didn't sit well with members of congress or some Clinton staffers who felt Gore was grasping too much power. Such staffers included chief of staff Mack McLarty, Harold Ickes and Hillary. Ultimately, the office was merged with the Council on Environmental Quality, which oversees compliance with environmental laws by federal agencies. McGinty was named as its chair.

The next three years were bleak ones for environmentalists, as Clinton and Gore scuttled away from one campaign pledge after another. They granted a permit to the WTI hazardous waste incinerator in East Liverpool, Ohio; hatched a deal with sugar barons in the Everglades; resumed logging in the ancient forests of the Pacific Northwest, a back-down that culminated in the Salvage Logging Rider, which exempted timber sales on national forest lands from compliance with all federal environmental laws.

"Katie seemed out of the loop most of the time she was there", a seasoned environmental lobbyist told CounterPunch. "Or that's how she made you feel. Katie's great talent was to seduce you on the phone. She made you feel as if she was your best friend, a secret Earth First!er, who was shocked and pained when the inevitable betrayals came. Katie never delivered bad news herself, but she was always there to console us. She was very, very adroit at soothing irate enviros, calming them down so that they wouldn't attack the administration."

At the height of the budget negotiations in 1998, McGinty shocked many in DC when she abruptly announced that she was resigning from her post and was moving to India to take a job at the Tata Research Institute in New Delhi, an obscure sustainable development group that receives funding from the UN and works on energy, biotech and forestry issues. McGinty's husband, Karl Hausker, an employee of the CIA-linked Center for Strategic and International Studies, had been assigned to India. Many thought McGinty would stay in DC, where her power in the administration would increase as the 2000 election approached. But apparently Tipper Gore convinced McGinty that she should follow her man.

Tipper has taken an unusual interest in McGinty's personal life. In 1995, Tipper learned that McGinty had repeatedly postponed her marriage to Hausker citing the "crushing workload" that kept her tied down at the White House. Tipper intervened, handled the wedding arrangements and shipped the newlyweds off on a month-long honeymoon to Australia's Great Barrier Reef and the rainforests of Papua, New Guinea.

Tipper fixed Katie's marriage; now she's back as blackhat in rape 'n pillage law firm.

McGinty returned to the US this winter. It didn't take her long to find a job. Not with the Gore campaign, but as the legislative affairs director of Troutman Sanders, a notorious DC law firm with a reputation for defending the worst corporate polluters and using its lobbying might to carve up environmental legislation. One of the firm's star litigators, Daniel Reinhardt, successfully defended Mobil Oil Company in one of the first cases involving leaking underground gas storage tanks. Reinhardt has also been retained on various matters by the Georgia Power Company, defending the company, as Reinhardt notes in his bio, "in matters as diverse as alleged negligence in connection with electrocution injuries and death

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to alleged property damage to crops as a result of early defoliation allegedly caused by emissions from Georgia Power Company facilities." Then there is Eric Szweda, who boasts of "defending a client against a Clean Water Act citizen suit brought by the Sierra Club in the Middle District of Georgia" over "alleged violations of industrial waste water permit limits for thermal discharges". Szweda also claims that he "achieved dismissal of a client from a class action lawsuit comprised of landowners adjacent to Georgia's most high profile Superfund site".

But Troutman Sanders' real muscle in DC comes in the area of energy. It represents a suite of utilities and power companies seeking to deregulate the nation's electricity market, including the Alliance for Power Privatization, Boston Edison, Edison Electric Institute, Minnesota Power and PG&E. The firm has been a fearsome foe of new air quality standards (many imposed by the EPA when McGinty was at the CEQ) and the Kyoto protocol on global warming, an already puny treaty that McGinty helped negotiate.

McGinty was recruited to Troutman Sanders by Thomas Jensen, who had worked under McGinty at the CEQ from 1995 through 1997, where he was the Associate Director for Natural Resources. Since joining Troutman Sanders in 1997, Jensen's resume boasts that he has provided "strategic advice" on global climate policy to big energy firms, counseled an oil pipeline company on Endangered Species Act "litigation and related advocacy", assisted an "air emissions broker" in international pollution credit transactions, and advised a railroad company on NEPA compliance regarding the location of its "intermodal transit facility".

Still Troutman Sanders isn't what you'd call a Democratic law firm. A search of the FEC database revealed that members of the law firm have doled out more than $50,000 in the last year. Of that amount $11,000 went to George W. Bush and $5,000 to Tom DeLay's Keep Our Majority PAC. In all, the firm gave less than $3,000 to Democrats, $1,000 to Gore, $1,000 to his nemesis Bill Bradley and $750 to Senator Max Cleland of Georgia.

But none of this should be reason to question Katie's true loyalty. "There would be no higher priority I would have," McGinty has said, "than to help or serve Al Gore." CP

Throned Autocrat v. We the Jury

Gov Edwards' Mistrial

BY GODFREY LEHMAN

If you want to stay on the jury to the end of the trial, *don't think*, or at least don't let the court know you are capable of holding a consecutive thought for longer than 60 seconds. That lesson was taught us yet again by the presiding judge in the recent trial of former Louisiana governor Edwin Edwards in Baton Rouge. Edwards was reported as having been "convicted" by a panel of eleven citizens who had been members of a jury until the twelfth had been kicked off the previous week, reducing the panel to non-jury status. The judge had become riled because the offender had been a little too conscientious about the key issues. So he removed him, without replacement.

What the unidentified juror had apparently been thinking about was the meaning of the word "extortion". The key issue in the trial was whether Edwards had "extorted" great sums of money from various businessmen. Our missing twelfth juror had thought it would be a good idea to study and understand as well as he could the meaning of the word. Accordingly he turned to a dictionary and a thesaurus, bringing these articles into the jury room on about the tenth day of deliberations: he had also highlighted the important word "extortion".

When the black-robed autocrat learned of this, off went the juror. Deliberations and trial continued, by stipulation, with the remaining eleven. From the judge's view, jurors were to be restricted without question only to judicial interpretations, and should not think on their own. Aside from the fact that eleven do not make a jury (for many decades the courts have acknowledged that a jury consists of twelve panelists "no more and no less as if that word had been written into the Constitution", stipulation notwithstanding), to remove a juror on arbitrary whim is nothing less than criminal. This destroys the free and independent jury because it brings the panel under the control of the judge and so it is no longer representative of the community.

The consequence in Edwards's case is that he was he denied his "inviolable" constitutional guarantee to be tried by a jury.

This type of behavior by judges is not uncommon. Not too long ago a judge in Los Angeles reprimanded a female juror and cited her for "misconduct" for the "offense" of being bilingual. The judge refrained from actually removing her because the jury had satisfied him with a conviction anyway. The Spanish-speaking defendant had used a word which the official Certified Court Interpreter translated as meaning "push", but the juror said that "touch" was more precise. That was too much for the judge. It seems that if you know a second language you should not be on the jury, nor should jurors even listen to testimony given in the second language. You must go only by what the Certified Court Interpreter tells you, even when the Interpreter is wrong.

The chief characteristic of a true jury is its total independence from the court and outside domination. In order to achieve independence, the panel must receive all evidence which the respective parties offer and not have this evidence passed through a judicial sieve. This filtering interjects judicial opinion and binds the jury. The true jury must also be randomly se-

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lected without the usual refinement process which contorts the panel.

Despite multiple constitutional mandates to the contrary, there are practically no true jury trials in this country, except to the extent that alert jurors throw off judicial shackles which would bind them, and declare independence to themselves.

Edwards was not the first defendant victimized by dictionary-reading jurors. Back in 1978 a juror in a California case didn't think very highly of the judicial definition of the word "mitigate", so he too turned dictionary-ward. The appellate court reviewing the case accused him of action "tantamount to misconduct"; jurors must be prevented from conducting independent investigations into the facts of the case and "injecting his or her expertise into jury deliberations".

When juror Dorothy Kim surprised the court by being Spanish-speaking, she argued with the Interpreter over the translation of the term "lavado". Kim said it meant "bar", or a place where you buy drinks, but the Interpreter corrected her, saying the term meant "restroom". The Interpreter then claimed that Kim called her "an idiot". Reprimanded by the throned autocrat, Kim responded,

"I said, 'it's an idiom'", but she was ejected anyway.

Godfrey's Lehman's We The Jury, about the history, role and rights of the jury is on the CounterPunch Best 100. Contact CounterPunch if you want a copy. CP

(**Mumia** *continued from page 1)*

to watch out for, in case Cohen decided to flee the country or travel to Brussels against his ruling.

And now Cohen subjected to regular urine tests, home visits from probation officers, and various other conditions of hospitality of the US penal and probation system.

Aside from Cohen (Brooklyn Greens) the activists seeking a new trial for Mumia Abu Jamal and Leonard Peltier included Clark Kissinger (Refuse & Resist), Frances Goldin (Mumia's literary agent), Marcy Gayer (Greens), Jane Jackson, Paul Magno and Kim Lamberty (Catholic Worker) and Joe Brown (Washington DC). They are now appealing their April conviction (same $250 fine) and supervised probation.

"You have a right to trial, but if you don't take our deal you'll pay."

The prevention of contact with convicted felons (including Mumia) makes Frances's job especially difficult. She is Mumia's literary agent, and holds his power of attorney.

Cohen and the others are also required to submit detailed financial reports on where all their money comes from and how they spend it; and they're supposed to sign away their right to privacy and grant the government access to all medical, psychological and financial records.

No sooner had these restrictions been imposed than Clark Kissinger's wife was visited by FBI agents at work and was served with a subpoena to testify before a federal grand jury, supposedly relating to an investigation of a former employer. She was also ordered to produce all her financial records (which include joint accounts with Clark) for the last ten years. This was plainly a federal fishing expedition, using every legal mechanism to bring pressure on a key leader in the Mumia movement and find out everything possible about his finances and personal activity.

This year has seen a great deal of activity on Mumia Abu Jamal's behalf. There was the Amnesty International report calling for a new trial, several disobedience actions on both coasts, a full-page ad in the New York Times, Mumia's commencement invitation at Antioch College. This culminated in 6,000 people packing the theater at Madison Square Garden in a May 7 rally for justice for Mumia and mass demonstrations in San Francisco, Chicago, Philadelphia, and internationally on May 13. More generally, uproar against the death penalty is growing, both here and internationally. Even George W Bush is feeling heat. The top killer in Texas has now reversed himself and said that DNA testing is admissible in these capital cases.

CounterPunchers! Write to the Appeals Judge: Hon. Bruce W. Kauffman, US District Court, 601 Market Street, Philadelphia, PA 19106. Judge Kauffman's fax number is: 215-580-2281. No threats, please. The judge will be deciding whether Rapoport's sentences were legal and justified, and whether the decision of the trial judge itself should be overturned. CP

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You've always hated Tom Wolfe? See page 2.

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